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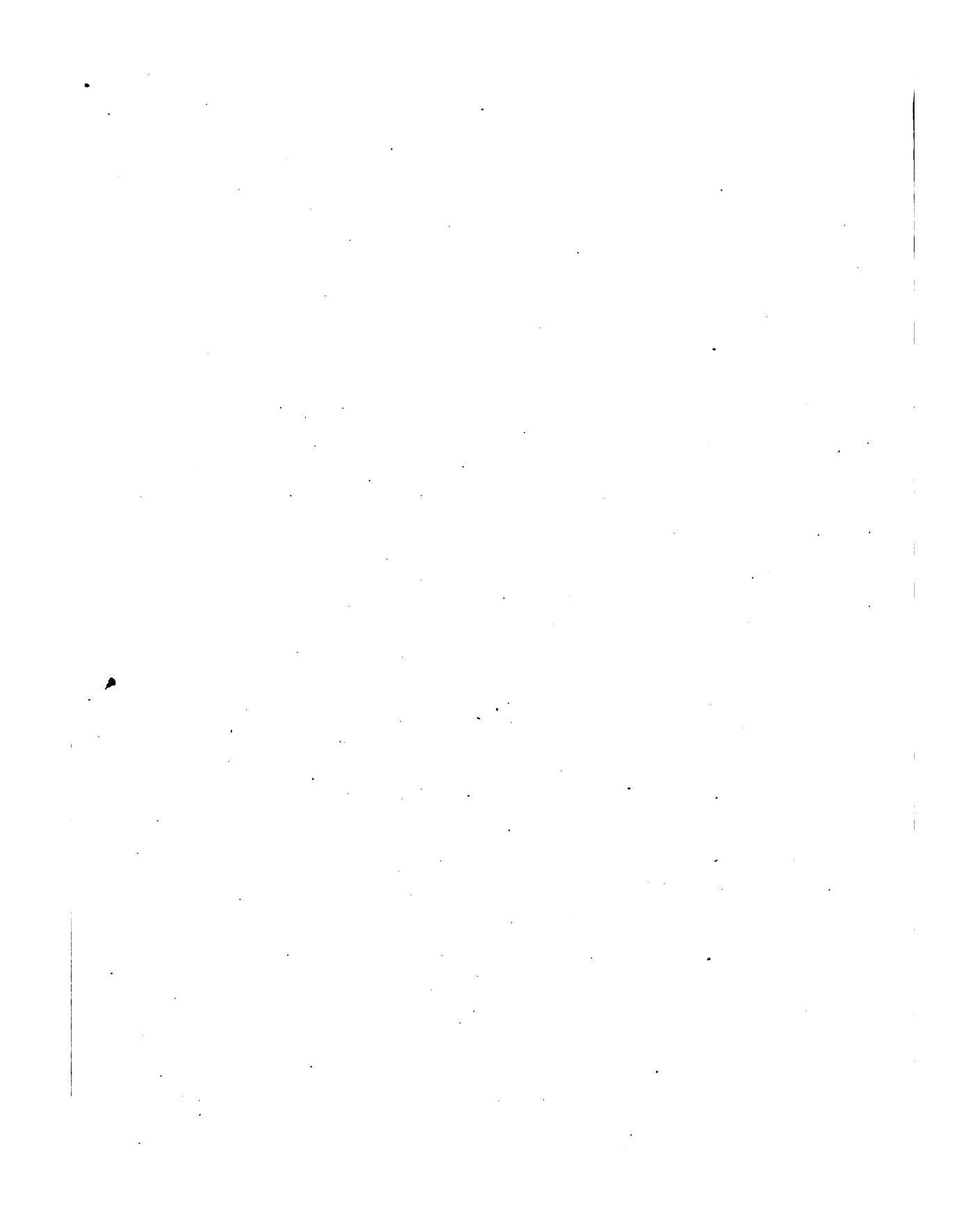
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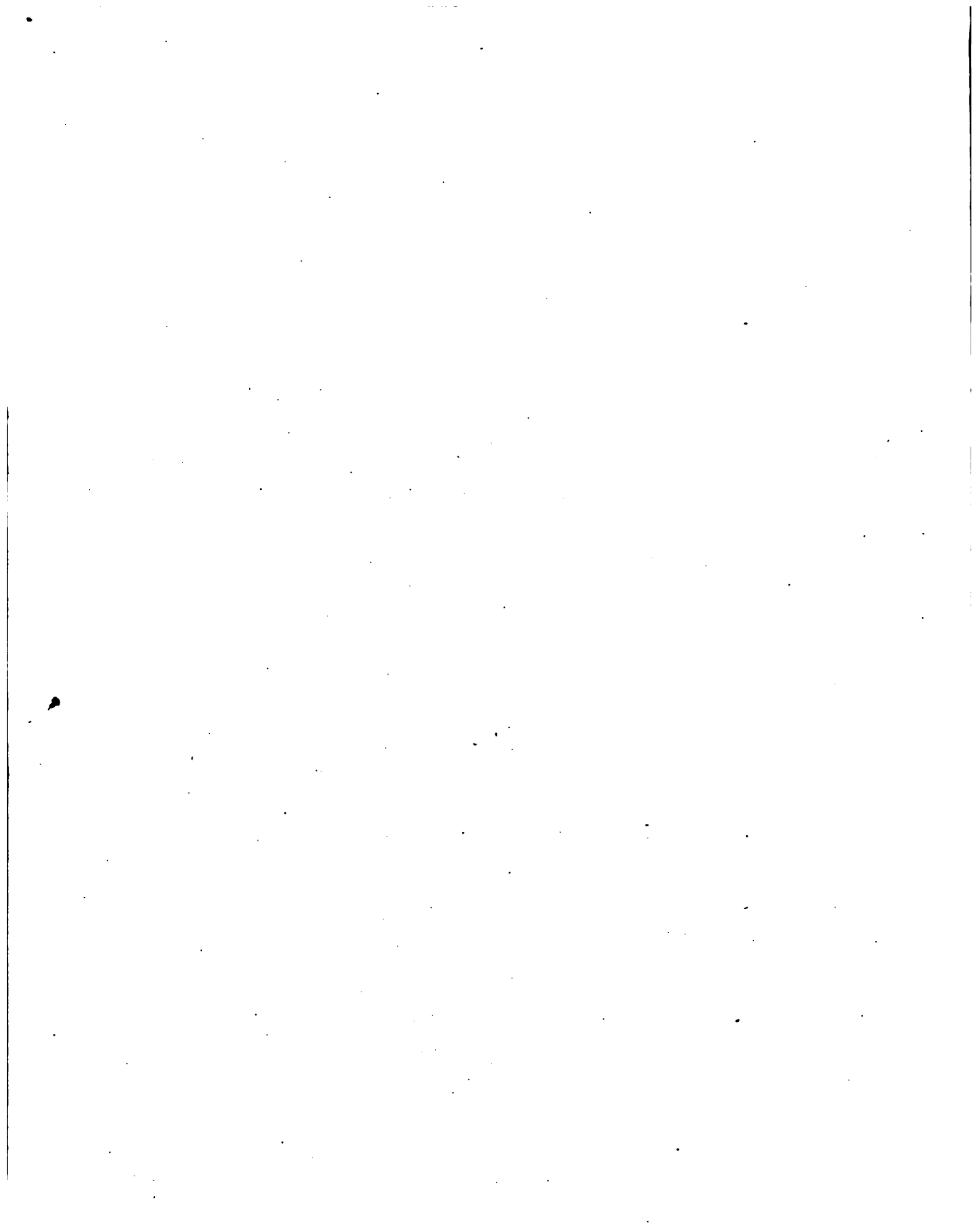
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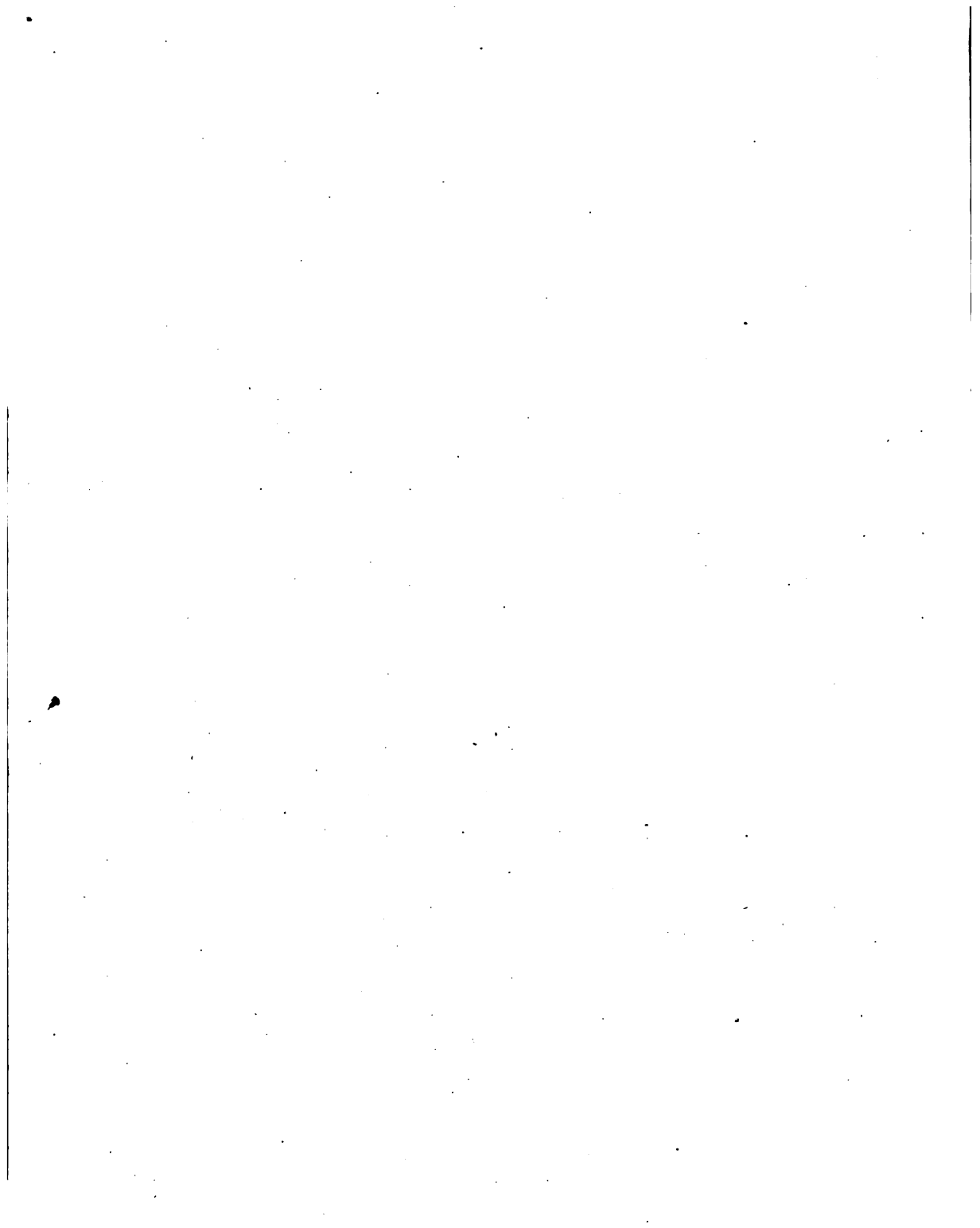




1882.









STUDIES FOR PICTURES.

A Medley.

BY

J. MOYR SMITH.

" Call FANCY up with her attendant troop,
REASON and JUDGMENT, PASSION, MELANCHOLY,
WIT, FEELING, and among the choral group
Do not forget the little darling, FOLLY ! "

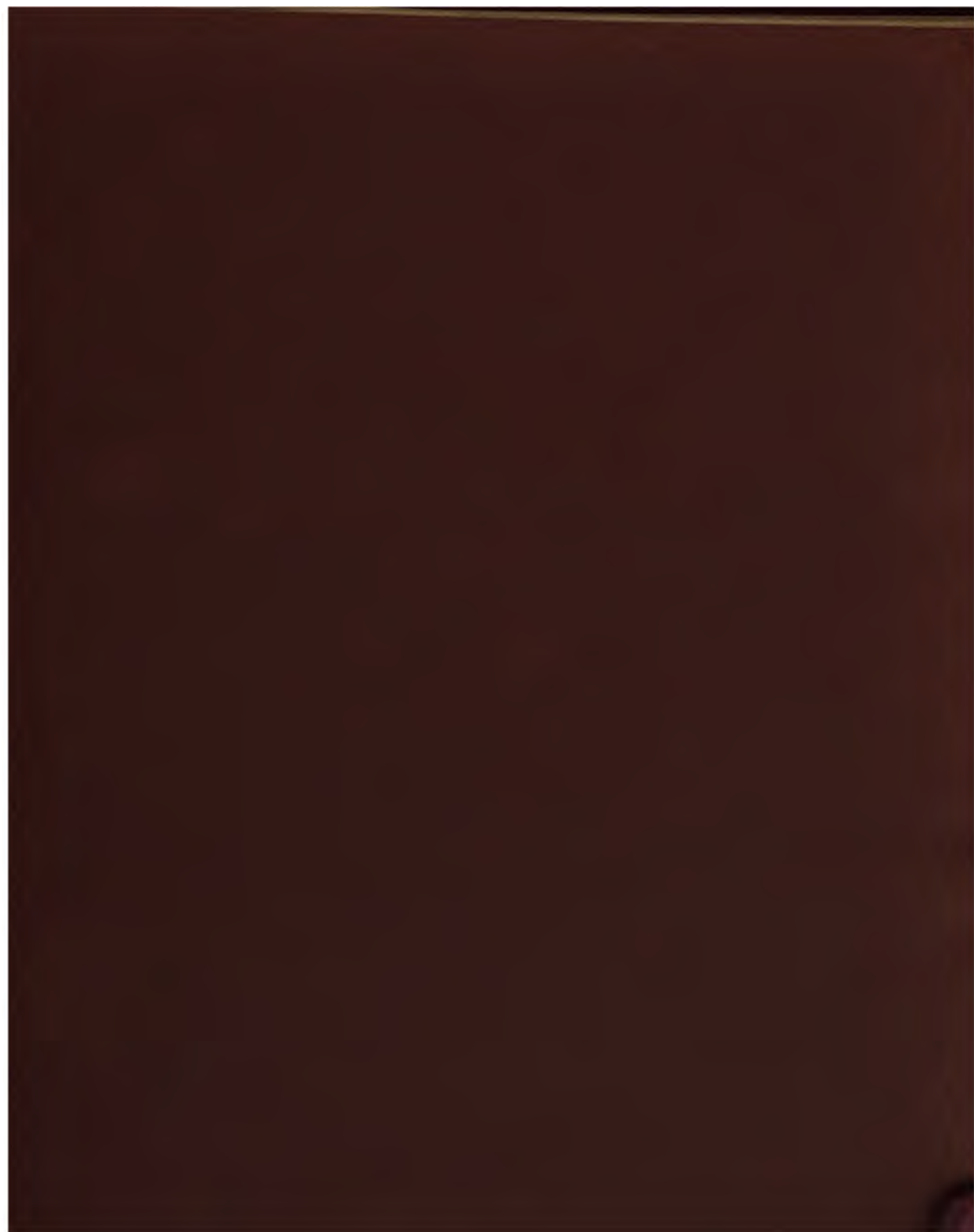
GOETHE.



LONDON :
EDWARD MOXON & CO., DOVER STREET.
1868.

170. k. 49.





FRONTISPIECE.

Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten !
Die früh sich einst dem trüben Blick gezeigt.
Versuch' ich wohl euch diesmal fest zu halten ?
Fühl' ich mein Herz nach jenem Wahn geneigt ?

Goethe.

Again, in deepening beauty, ye float near,
Forms, dimly imaged in the days gone by—
Is that old fancy to the heart still dear ?
To that old spell will ye again reply ?

Faust, Anster's Translation.

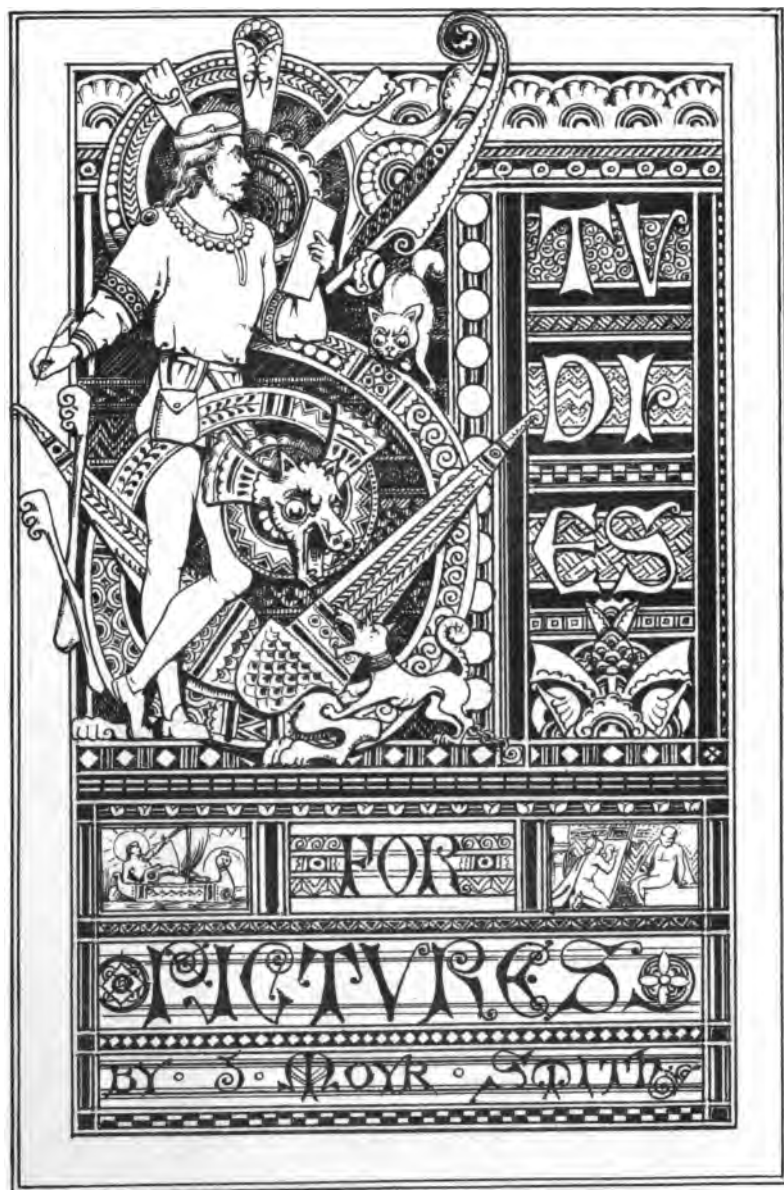


PLATE I.

FANCY.

The first was Fansy, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect and beautie without peare,
Matchable either to that ympe of Troy
Whom Iove did love and chose his cup to beare.

His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight ;
Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray
Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight :
As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare ;
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and theare.

Faerie Queene, Book III., Canto XII.



PLATE II.

———— Three Spirits mad with joy
Come dashing down on a tall wayside flower.

Idylls of the King.



PLATE III.

ARCHITECTURE.

(Pre-Raphaelite version.)



PLATE IV.

SCULPTURE.

(Pre-Raphaelite version.)

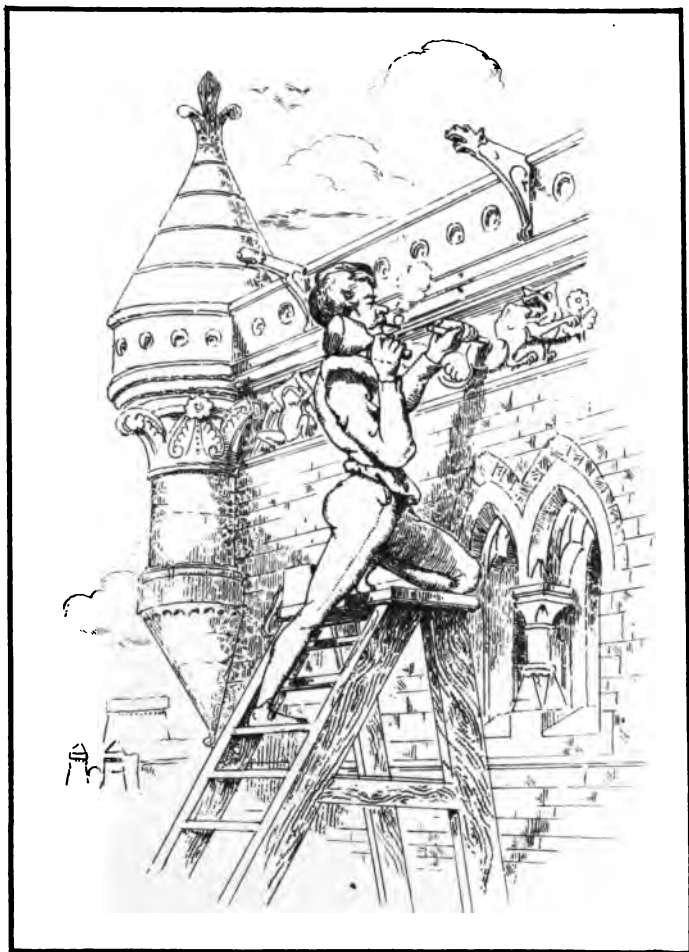


PLATE IV.

SCULPTURE.

(Pre-Raphaelite version.)





PLATE VI.

MORPHEUS AND THE SPRITE.

The messenger approaching to him spake ;
But his waste wordes retourned to him in vaine :
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch :

Faerie Queene, Book i. Canto i.



PLATE VII.

ORPHEUS AND PLUTO.
(*Medieval version.*)

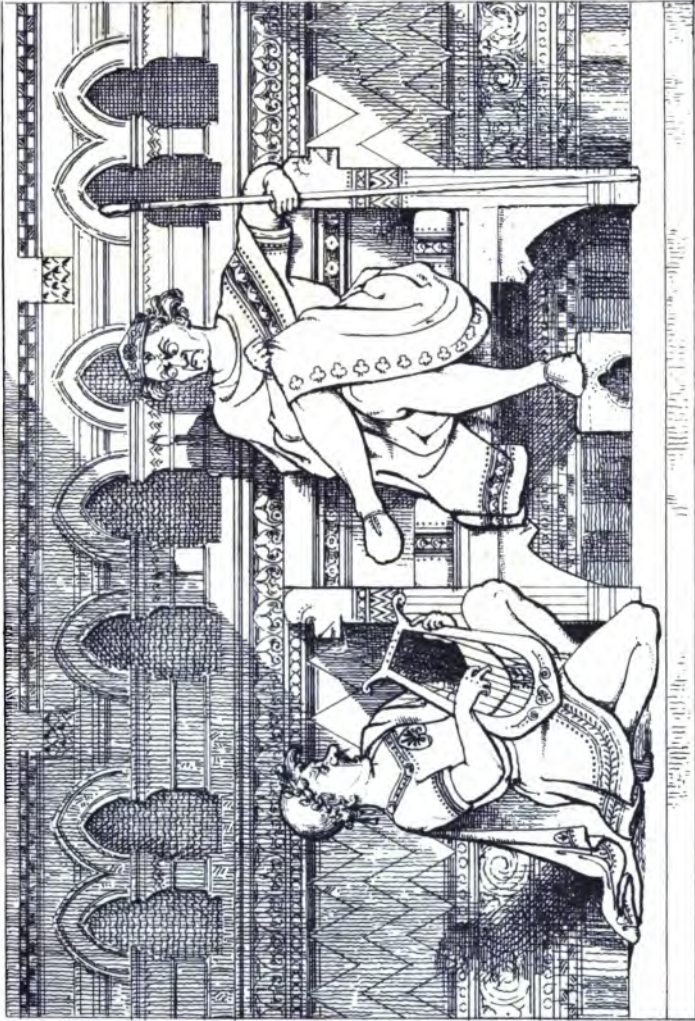


PLATE VIII.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SHELL CHARIOT.

Panthea. See, near the verge, another chariot stays ;
An ivory shell inlaid with crimson fire,
Which comes and goes within its sculptured rim
Of delicate strange tracery ; the young spirit
That guides it has the dove-like eyes of hope.
How its soft smiles attract the soul ! as light
Lures winged insects thro' the lampless air.

SHELLEY'S *Prometheus Unbound*.



PLATE IX.

SCENE FROM TWELFTH NIGHT.

Sir Toby. Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't : I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By'r lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well. * *

Sir And. Good 'i'faith ! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]



PLATE X.

A SKYE(D) TERRIER.

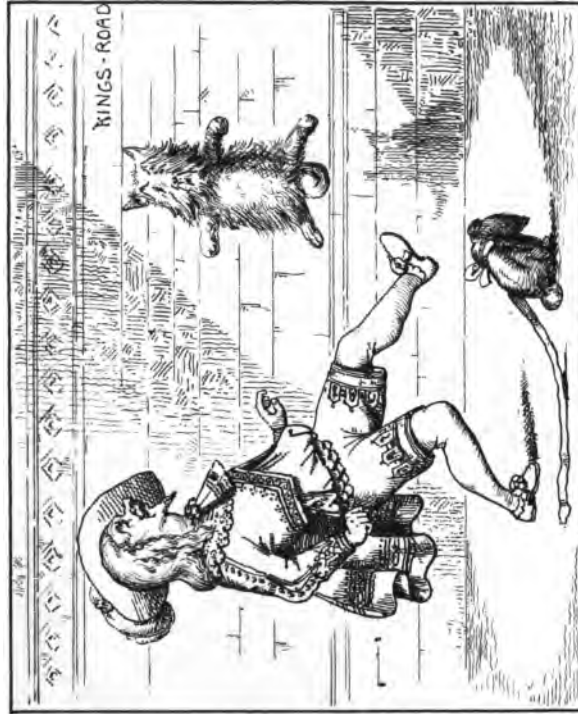


PLATE XI.

MACBETH.

- Mac.* The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
- Servt.* There is ten thousand—
- Mac.* Geese, villain?
- Servt.* Soldiers, sir.



PLATE XII.

THE METEOR SPIRIT.

Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star,
And I will flit into it with my lyre,
And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss.

KEATS's *Hyperion*.

First Faun. Canst thou imagine where those spirits live
Which make such delicate music in the woods ?

.
Second Faun. 'Tis hard to tell :
I have heard those more skilled in spirits say,
The bubbles, which the enchantment of the sun
Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers that pave
The oozy bottoms of clear lakes and pools,
Are the pavilions where such dwell and float
Under the green and golden atmosphere
Which noon-tide kindles thro' the woven leaves ;
And, when these burst, and the thin fiery air,
The which they breathed within those lucent domes,
Ascends to flow like meteors thro' the night,
They ride on them, and rein their headlong speed,
And bow their burning crest, and glide in fire
Under the waters of the earth again.

SHELLEY's *Prometheus Unbound*.

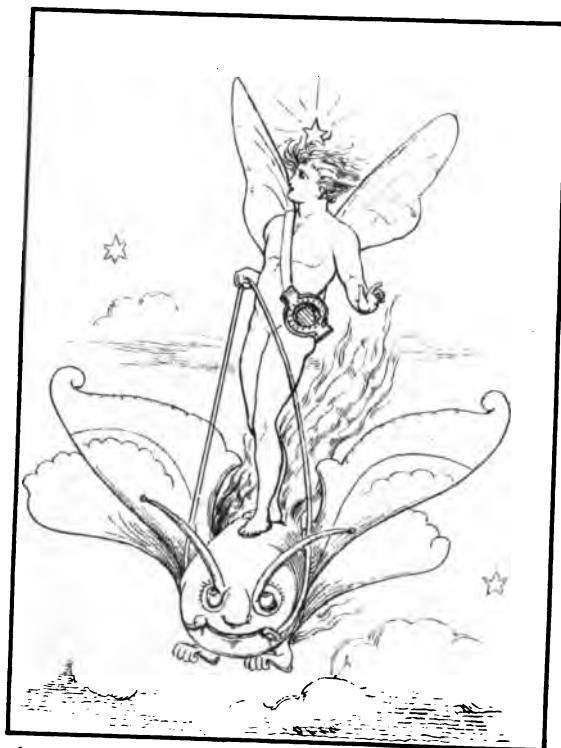


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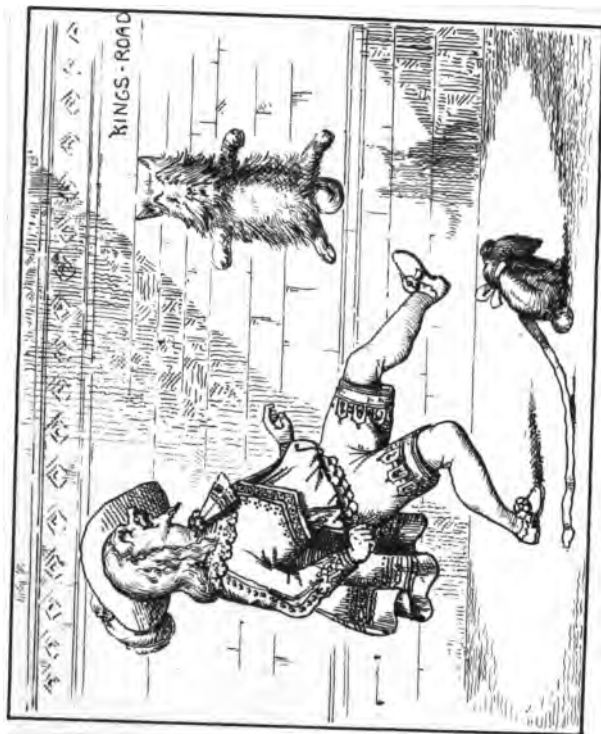


PLATE XV.

THE LASTE DAYES OF POMPEYE.



PLATE XVI.

APPROPRIATIVE PHILOSOPHERS.

Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.
I will retort the sum in equipage.

SHAKESPEARE.



PLATE XVII.

THE CLOUD SPIRIT.

Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly singing
From out the middle air, from flowery nests,
And from the pillowy silkiness that rests
Full in the speculation of the stars.

KEATS'S Miscellaneous Poems. •

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

Macbeth.



PLATE XVIII.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

I'll call a wildfire Will-o'-the-Wisp to light us.
See, there is one burns bright and merrily.
The freakish spark, look, how he flings away
On the regardless night his spendthrift splendour.

Faust, Walpurgis Night.



PLATE XIX.

PEACE AND WAR.

Oh Peace, the fairest child of heaven.

THOMSON.

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.

Hamlet.



PLATE XX.

KING LEAR.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? Oh! I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.



PLATE XXI.

WINTER'S TALE.

Shepherd. Good luck, an't be thy will ! what have we here ?
Mercy on's, a barne ; a very pretty barne !
A boy, or a child, I wonder ?



PLATE XXII.

MUSIC.

Putting in the feeling.

THE DRAMA.

Hoff with 'is 'ed.

Sketches by Boz.

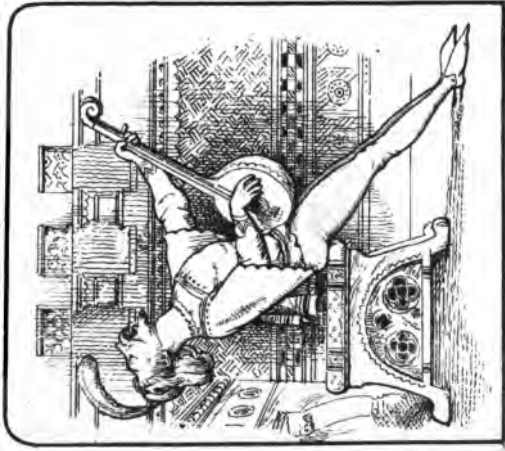


PLATE XXIII.

—
STUDY AND RELAXATION.

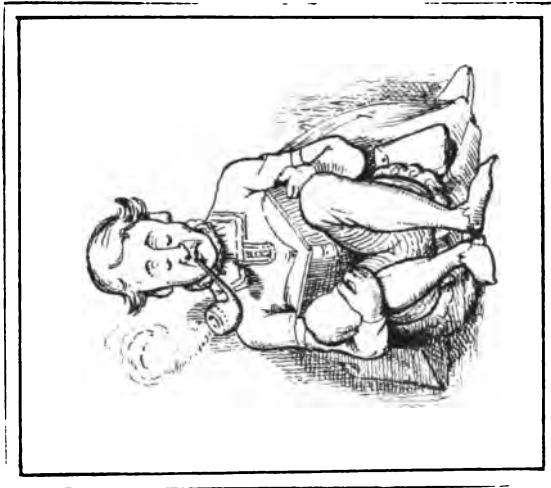


PLATE XXIV.

H A M L E T.

Hamlet.

My fate cries out

And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[*Ghost beckons.*

Still I am called ;—Unhand me, gentlemen.—

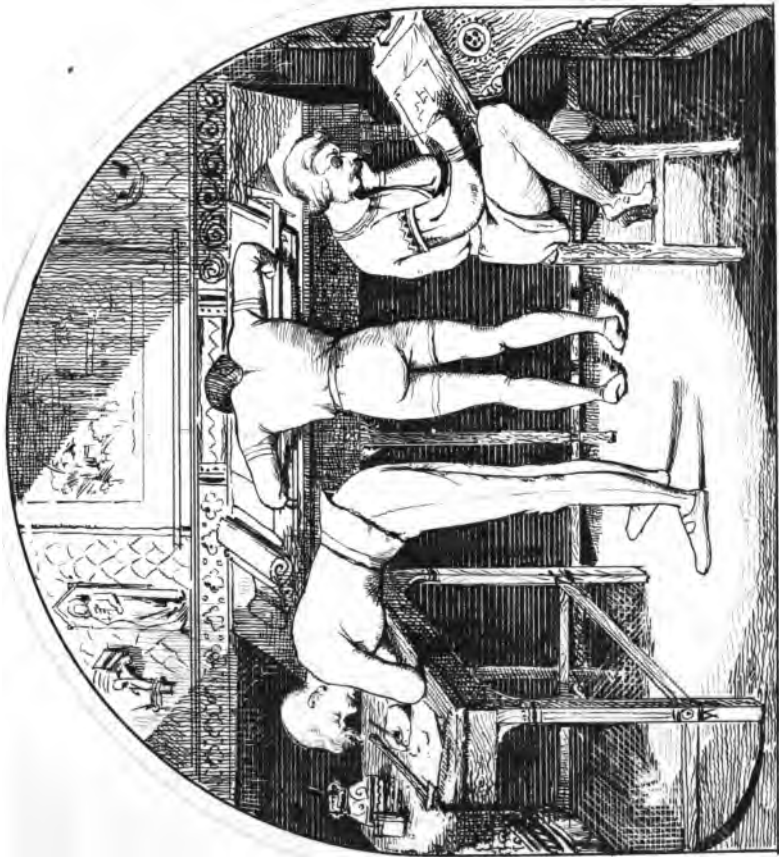
[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven I'll make a ghost of him who lets me :
I say, away ! Go on, I'll follow thee.



PLATE XXV.

"RULERS" OF ART,
Commonly called
ARCHITECTURAL DRAUGHTSMEN.



We say "*Ars longa, Vita brevis*,"
All cannot hope to top Ben Nevis;
So first, we thought it best to try,
To climb a Ben, not quite so high.

The Ascent of Ben Humphlachan.

The sketches have been printed by MESSRS. MACLURE, MACDONALD, and
MACGREGOR, from Drawings on Stone by the Author.



